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Ercilla thought that a prose epic would never do, and doubtless Cervantes also thought that a pastoral romance without occasional verse scattered through it, would never be countenanced by a public that had been brought up on the *Diana* of Montemayor. And so Cervantes scattered his verse through the *Galatea* with a lavish hand. Indeed, Cervantes preened himself upon his verse, and in one instance, his *Viaje del Parnaso*, he scored a moderate success, though the postscript in prose which he has appended is by far the best thing in the work. For Cervantes's verse, though often graceful and flowing, is no better than that of a score of poets of his time, and had he written nothing else he would have disappeared in the oblivion that justly and mercifully envelops some of his fellow bards. That Cervantes was particularly pleased with his *Galatea* is evinced by the pride and satisfaction with which he refers to it on several occasions. It seems to have been the fate of the pastoral romances to remain unfinished, and to promise a sequel which never appeared, and the *Galatea* was no exception to the rule. And so, time after time Cervantes promised the second part, a promise which he never fulfilled. Indeed, throughout his whole career Cervantes seems to have cherished a singular affection for the *Galatea*. It was his first love and

'On revient toujours à son premier amour.'

Even on his death-bed his thoughts once more revert to his favorite pastoral romance;—once more the hope of finishing it is expressed almost with his dying breath:

"Puesto ya el pie en el estribo,
Con las ansias de la muerte,"

as he himself says with that invincible cheerfulness which never deserted him.

The *Galatea*, which is better than most of the works of its class (rather equivocal praise, the reader may think), was not one of the world's successful books. It was only reprinted twice in the lifetime of its author, and it is even doubtful if Cervantes ever saw either of these reprints. Nor has the *Galatea* been more fortunate in its translations, of which the one before us is really the first one worthy of the name. The first English version appeared in 1867, "when it

occurred to a droll, strange man named Gordon Willoughby James Gyll (or James Willoughby Gordon Gill), to publish an English rendering of Cervantes's pastoral in which, as he thought, 'the rural characters are nicely defined; modesty and grace with simplicity prevailing.'" From the documents published by Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, in his Introduction, Mr. Gyll or Gill seems to have been one of those fussy, fatuous bodies, who suffered with a particularly acute case of genealogical megalokcephalitis, and his vagaries are reflected in his translation of the *Galatea*, which is one of the most fearful and wonderful renderings into English, of which the language can boast. And yet this nonsense was not only published, but incredible as it must seem, it was reprinted. That Gyll's feeble flounderings should remain the only English version of the *Galatea* was an insult to the great name of its author. The admirers of Cervantes have, therefore, genuine cause for congratulation on the appearance of this translation, the first really adequate one in any language, as the editor remarks.

Prefixed to the volume is an Introduction, consisting of fifty-eight pages of closely printed matter by the editor, Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, written with all the knowledge of the subject, to the minutest detail, for which this scholar is so well known. These Introductions, admirable in every way, will be read with profit by every student of Cervantes. Indeed, so wide is their range, that they are indispensable to every worker in Spanish literature, and they form one of the most notable features of these volumes, which every student should have upon his shelves.

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GALDÓS'S DOÑA PERFECTA.

To the Editors of *Mod. Lang. Notes*.

In answer to Prof. Lewis's inquiry, published in the February issue of the current volume of your journal, I am able to offer one suggestion. The question concerning Manzanedo had also occurred to me, and while in Madrid I asked Galdós who he was. Galdós's answer was that "Manzanedo was a very rich man, as who should say a Vanderbilt." The comparison was Galdós's own.

Yours very truly,

JOHN D. FITZ-GERALD.

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